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CORA LEE;
AND OTHER POEMS.

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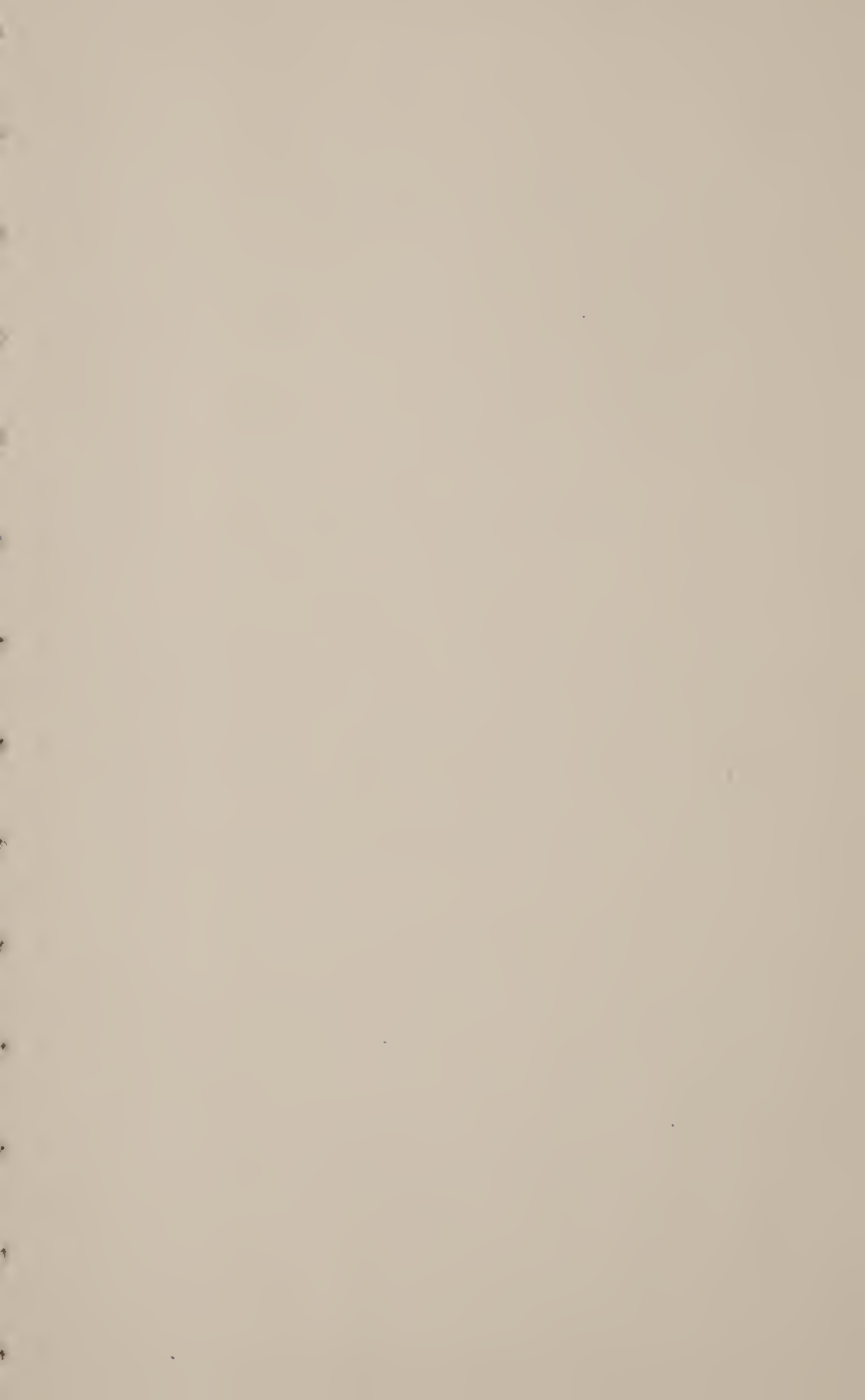
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PHILADELPHIA:
ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT, PRINTERS,
Nos. 229-231 South Fifth Street.
1883.



CORA LEE;

AND OTHER POEMS.

✓
BY JAMES MOORE, M. D.,

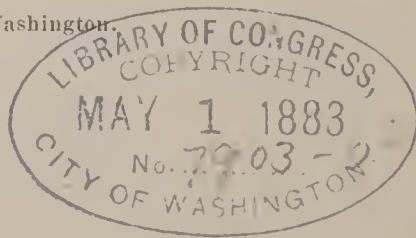
AUTHOR OF

33
"The World's Battle;" "The Life of Washington;" "History of the Great Rebellion;" "The Kimeliad," a poem in three cantos; "The Shepherd of the Wissahickon," a poem in three cantos; "Kilpatrick and our Cavalry;" "The Centennial," a poem; "The Triumph of Truth;" "The City of God;" "Our Redeemer's Kingdom;" "The Mansions in Heaven;" "Saint Paul;" "The Star in the East;" "Happiness;" "Divine Attributes;" "Divine Providence;" "Redeeming the Time;" "The Dream of Life;" "What is Man?" "The Necklace;" "Willard Glazier, the Cavalier;" "The Children of Pride;" "Redemption;" "The Rival Queens;" "Derry Delivered;" "The First Crusade;" "Maria Foster;" "Siege of Richmond;" "Rosamond;" "Samaria and her People;" "The Beautiful;" "Now or Never," &c.

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CORA LEE.

WITH hasty step along the street he strode,
And sought with eagerness his own abode,
His home it might be, but a home no more,
Intent his thought to seek some foreign shore.
And wandering on every distant coast
'Mid perils, changes, seek the peace now lost,
Or gleam of happiness no more to be,
Since blasted all his hopes and wofully
Withered the fairest flowers that strewed his way,
And everything had fallen to decay.
What more for him could now indeed remain?
As some vast oak that prostrate on the plain
Or forest hill new felled, he might in vain
Hope leaves or fruit upon it once more spring,
To nature contrary and unhoped-for thing,
The hope that grew, that flattered, fondly cherished,
By sudden stroke as utterly had perished,
As mighty trees, struck by the lightning's wing,
Withered, blighted, blackened fearful thing,
Which the spectator strike with terrors chill,
As thunder rolls its echoes o'er the hill,
And tremblings, paleness, dread the spirit fill.

No perturbation marked his step, or in his face
Could one the depth of his deep sorrow trace;
He passed his friends upon the pavement mute,
But failed not to return their kind salute,
And if a lady chanced a recognizing glance,
With graceful ease he raised his hat at once.
Nor could one deem by aught upon his part
His was, or could be, blighted and dead heart;

Nor was his yet the stolid stoic's pride,
 That all emotion seeks in vain to hide.
 His look was serious, his face was sad,
 But none would therefore think his case was bad ;
 His self-possession kept him, his looks sage,
 Vigorous his manhood, past the middle age,
 Attired with neatness, stature middle size,
 And quick the glance that darted from his eyes.

His pulse was steady ; so his firm resolve,
 As in his thought ideas quick revolve,
 To quit his usual haunts ;—in fact to fly,
 Though flight for him was not the same to try,
 As the famed Parthian who in his flight
 Still conquered ; for he was vanquished quite,
 And urged, it must be owned by no fear,
 Thought absence needful and for many a year.
 Whate'er he thought he his own counsel kept,
 Gained soon his house, retired, it seemed he slept,
 But only seemed—for no repose had he,
 His feeling was but one of misery.
 The copious tear fell fast down from his eye ;
 His breast was rent by many a heaving sigh.
 The shades of gloom still deeper than the night,
 Were passed in wishes for the dawning light.
 And long ere his first beams the sun had cast,
 He rose and dressed, and left the house in haste.
 A noble mansion 'twas, and in North Broad,
 From which to Third street he pursued his road,
 And reaching Drexel's was with funds supplied,
 With which to travel o'er the world so wide.
 Except this firm none his intention knew,
 And when transactions done he quick withdrew,
 Rushed to the depot, to New York was borne,
 Boarded a steamer, on his way forlorn
 Crossed prosperously the ocean, soon saw land,
 Reached London ; promenaded in the Strand.

We'll leave him here in philosophic mood ;
 Hoping the change of scene will do him good.
 And just before we part awhile, the bard
 Will tell his name, as graven on his card,
 Was one well honored :—was Isaiah Ward.

The following week were in Memorial Hall,
 Two friends who viewed the objects of interest all,
 Which fill this noble dome ; for there replete,
 With wonders of industrial art as meet
 Their frequent visits made them know by heart,
 All things therein contained ; they did curious mark
 This grand and fair adornment of the Park.
 They marked its grand exterior in the style
Renaissant called, and pause to gaze awhile,
 And view the steeds of bronze, colossal size ;
 Enter the vestibule, and to their eyes
 Presented are that porcelain display,
 Product of Chinese skill, and then survey
 The wonders that within the hall appear
 And corridors, each object far and near
 Has some fresh interest, or idea new,
 For on the mind all grows, at each review.
 What human hands can do and skill of man,
 The ancient, rare, the graceful, beauteous, ran
 Through all the great collection and combined
 To attract, inform, refine, improve the mind.

Reader ! it has my pleasure been oft-times to spend
 Some hours to study objects without end
 Of deep, admiring wonder to survey
 In them the past ; and think how in our day,
 Civilization has the thought made free,
 And this collection given to you and me.
 Without a cent to pay or moment lose,
 Unquestioned, wander round, and as we choose,
 Now gaze on this, now turn to gaze on that,
 And all the while indulge in friendly chat,

If such incline us ; interchange of thought
 Have pleasure oft and sound instruction brought ;
 The Hall of Horticulture near to this,
 To visit it can never be amiss
 To those who nature love ; and will repay
 Some visits of an hour, or a day ;
 And those who this fair scene love to attend,
 Will pleasure and instruction at once blend ;
 None will the time regret ; for time it wants,
 But you are warned : “ Do not touch the plants ! ”

I said two friends had met, and mentioned where ;
 They both were ladies and of beauty rare ;
 Not very youthful ; more mature of age,
 Whose charms and graces would the mind engage,
 If seen but once, nor fail at once to impart
 That influence which sways the pure in heart,
 That reverence, interest, affection, too,
 Whose fond excess it is, we often rue,
 But which, who see, and not appreciate,
 Must be the victims of untoward fate,
 In whom no noble aspirations rise,
 The cold, the listless, who know not to prize
 The qualities so valued by the wise.

Their conversation ran on in this way :
 “ Cora ! there disappeared the other day—
 And no one can tell where—Isaiah Ward.
 I think his case is one to bear too hard,
 And you, my dear ! I think the cause must be ;
 I am convinced 'twas you, my Cora Lee ! ”
 Then Cora hid her face, emotions rise
 That cause her wondering friend a deep surprise.
 Red, pale by turns, a trembling shook her frame,
 And murmuring she spoke of Ward the name,
 But summoning her fortitude, was calm,
 As if some wound inflicted had a balm,

Potent, effectual, received the while;
 Her dimpling cheek was wreathed with a smile.
 So sweet it was, it would have made you glad,
 So faint it soon became, to make you sad.
 Then thus, in accents feeble, she replied :
 "And if, my dear ! it can not be denied
 He was with me an hour or two that day,
 The one preceding that he went away,
 Why should you, for that reason, think that I
 Drove him away ? and, moreover, why
 Think that a freak so sudden should attend
 A visit made to you, or me, by a friend ?"
 "A friend, you may well say so ; and you know
 He has a noble heart, manly and true,
 Which, Cora darling ! beats for only you,
 And you his suit declined,—he would not stay,
 But deep, dejected, tore himself away.
 I wish, dear friend, it otherwise had been,
 And he had not been forced to change the scene ;
 But where he is, or will be, in his heart
 Your image is, nor while it beats, apart."

The friends now sought the eastern corridor,
 The grand collection which by Mrs. Moore
 In memory of her husband did donate
 Rich, costly, varied, and we trust, which late
 Shall be the pride and glory of the State.
 This lady's pen and influence, too, effects
 The good, which on the good again reflects,
 And honor her to her last days attend,
 Whose book on "Etiquette" I gave my dearest friend,
 As proving useful it to her might prove,
 The gift of friendship and a brother's love.

The ladies stayed awhile ; some paintings saw,
 And not without much interest ; then withdraw
 And view the field of Gettysburg portrayed,
 By Rothermel ; then no more delayed,

But reached the vestibule, the door uncloses,
 And in their carriage each again reposes.
 Their homes they reach ; each her apartment seeks,
 But as for Cora, tears bedew her cheeks ;
 And, the door locked, to rending grief a prey,
 Her feelings long suppressed, must now give way.
 Her feeble limbs her frame no more sustain ;
 She grasps a chair, with failing force, in vain ;
 The effort useless, she attempts no more,
 But prostrate sinks unconscious on the floor ;
 And scarce a breath and pulse's beat declare
 That life remains in form so pale and fair.
 Some time she lay, and sense with force came back,
 With thought too rapid, running in the track
 The former course that promise held so fair,
 When hope had flourished, though not free from care.
 But even this withdrawn had fled of late,
 And she must yield to an unkindly fate ;
 A barrier between two mutual hearts arose,
 That kept them separate as very foes ;
 One which no human power could remove,
 One, foe of hope and also death of love.
 The word reluctant she must cast as dart
 That struck Isaiah in the inmost heart.
 Fatal, not cruel, nor was she to blame
 Who hurled the missile with such deadly aim.
 It was their secret, their own mystery,
 To none revealed of what could never be ;
 A last, a fond adieu, and then they part ;
 Such farewells are what tend to break the heart.
 For nought remains in all the wearied life,
 And blasted hopes too much prolong the strife.
 It seems as if existence were no boon,
 And death is wished for, not remote or soon.

Now, Cora, thinking of these things, was sad,
 And when recovered, as she did, not glad ;

Her cheerfulness was gone, and not a ray
 Of hope, it seemed, arose upon her way.
 One fatal barrier, to them only known,
 Divided hopelessly ; and each alone
 They different paths were forced to pursue,
 Which far diverged ; hearts so fond, so true.
 Nor could the future be relied upon,
 For all was dark ; no light upon it thrown.
 What happiness for them could now remain ?
 They ne'er might see each other's face again ;
 And, on the whole, perhaps 'twas best to part,
 For time and change will mitigate the smart
 Of many wounds ; and some recover quite
 Who deem at first that they are slain outright.
 But they, indeed, were not like those who deem
 That life should pass inactive as a dream ;
 For, separated far, each strove to do
 What duty called, and ever kept in view
 What moral lessons ought to teach mankind ;
 Who happiness seeks here, is only blind.
 And, the worst known, they thought it to be fit
 That they to the inevitable should submit.

Amanda Fleming, then, and Cora Lee,
 The friends we told the reader of, agree,
 Long as Amanda with her Cora stays
 They should enjoy themselves in all the ways
 Which easy circumstances, refined taste,
 Desire of knowledge, resolve not to waste
 The days of life in unimproved state,
 But pleasures rational seize, and await
 The occasion which to higher culture tends,
 And oft for many ills will make amends.
 'Twas thus they oft the painter's, sculptor's arts
 Had found each without failing, still imparts
 Instruction, pleasure, true refinement, too,
 When such the ends the studios have in view.

The recreation, all with one consent,
 Agree is pleasant and is innocent.
 Thus did they oft to where the fine arts hold
 Their pleasant seat, as those need not be told,
 The Academy, repair; for 'tis well known,
 A handsome edifice; and there alone
 I often have been pleased to contemplate
 The varied scenes which there the eyes await,
 And, if 'twere needed, could the objects tell,
 Which many others have observed as well.
 These ladies too, I said, resorted there,
 And found, on certain days, sweet music share
 In the entertainment, which one may enjoy
 Who wishes pleasantly the time to employ.

One afternoon it was, and they sat down,
 While swelling waves of music seemed to drown
 The senses with the flow of harmony,
 Interminable as the boundless sea,
 Rushing in billows that o'erwhelm the soul,
 And raise up deep emotions as they roll,
 Stirring the passions from their very deep,
 Caverns obscure awaking when they sleep.
 The flood melodious o'erwhelms Cora's ears,
 And passion's force is roused as she hears;
 Tears fall, and copious; o'er her face flow free;
 Sorrow, joy, love, in all their rivalry
 Contend within the breast for empery;
 And roused emotions, which upon her seize,
 Left her heart's depth a great deal more at ease.
 And when the friends departed in their carriage,
 The talk was, somehow, of a happy marriage,
 Which love had late procured to make amends
 For former woes, to some, their mutual friends,
 Who late had been made happy by a change
 Of circumstances which seemed very strange.
 But, clear as noonday, all had gone to prove
 That hope must still attend on mutual love,

When constant ; that all obstacles give way,
 And gladness beams to cheer with gilded ray
 That night of weeping, and the deepest sorrow
 May fade away in sunshine of to-morrow.
 Then Cora first felt some presentiment,
 That to her heart more peace and joy present,
 Than e'er she dared to hope or felt before ;
 She went to sleep and e'er the night was o'er
 Had such a sweet, delicious, pleasant dream
 As made her sorrow thing of the past seem ;
 And drove corroding care and grief apart,
 Restoring hope, melodious, to her heart.
 For, in the vision, on her bosom's throne
 Joy sat and ruled supremely and alone,
 The obstacle that hindered disappeared,
 She hailed her lover gladly as he neared,
 Who, as he seized her hand, slipped on a ring
 Jeweled and fine, a very precious thing ;
 And called her his, and never more to part,
 Forever joined now, both hand and heart !

One image only followed up and down
 Ward in his musings, wanderings through the town.
 Great London could no more distraction be
 To his unvaried thoughts than was the sea ;
 And so he left all its attractions soon,
 Reached Dover, and his journey was not done
 Till Paris, with its spires, rose to view.
 Then onward he the course continued ; true
 The saying, that no herbs can heal
 The fever love creates and lovers feel !
 Along the Rhine he still pursued his way,
 Crossed Switzerland, the Alps ; till Italy
 And Rome itself, from its seven hills, arose,
 Once the world's mistress, plundered oft by foes.
 Here he remained awhile, but not at peace,
 And soon was ready to set out for Greece.

Meantime, in his hotel reposed he lay ;
 Some Philadelphia papers came that way,
 And, as with careless eye he glanced them o'er,
 He felt a rapture never felt before,
 Joy, gladness, love ; he 'gan to laugh,
 Cut out, and pocketed, a paragraph,
 And orders gave, that all should ready be
 With all dispatch, at once to cross the sea ;
 'Twas done ; he landed on our shores again,
 Nor would an hour in New York remain,
 But sought our city with an early train,
 And, gladly hailed, was in his home again.

With beating heart fair Cora's dome he seeks,
 His voice she hears, and what her joy bespeaks
 Is not expression's welcome by the tongue,
 On whose soft accents he full oft had hung,
 With sweet delight in hours remembered well,
 His rapture now no language meet could tell,
 As gentle Cora, mute, with all her charms
 Was circled by her fond adorer's arms,
 And both felt what might be regarded bliss,
 Had such belonged to a vain world like this.
 Yet such a world as 'tis, one must confess,
 There may be hours of purest happiness,
 Such as e'en I, however still unblest,
 Must frankly own, and gratefully attest.
 A jeweled ring he on her finger placed,
 And ne'er more graceful hand a diamond graced.
 The sparkles of its light gave less surprise,
 Than those bright beams that issued from her eyes,
 Where hope, joy, love, in glorious brilliance shine ;
 Isaiah whispered in her ear, "Thou'rt mine !"
 And his she was ; e'en from that very hour ;
 In her he gained a very wealthy dower,
 Not wealth I mean ; though rich indeed was she,
 That sordid view could not regarded be ;

But the possession of such worth and grace,
 Not often found in human form and face ;
 And he in love's most tender constancy
 Was even worthy of sweet Cora Lee.

There are some persons who delight to range,
 But constant love like theirs can never change ;
 And though full oft some intervening bar
 Presents itself, with truest love at war ;
 Yet, deep reflection tends this to impart,
 The constant lover, and the faithful heart,
 By favoring smile of Heaven will often gain
 The end in view ; and 'tis by no means vain
 'Gainst every circumstance to boldly hope.
 For, time, and change, have oft within their scope
 Such elements as virtue true will crown,
 And, not with fading bays, but glory and renown.
 And even if not so, Heaven compensates
 By some true joy that still on goodness waits,
 While noble souls by discipline aspire
 Moral perfection, glorious, to acquire,
 Nor time, nor fate, nor change their path retards,
 And all the virtues have their own rewards,
 While fond affection on light pinions flies,
 Assumes immortal state, and never dies.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

WHATE'ER conduces to the race's weal ;
 Whate'er improves it or can tend to heal
 The wounds inflicted, which our nature knows,
 And may chance parry the too heavy blows,
 Too often struck by hard untoward fate,
 Which aims at mortal happiness in hate ;
 Whate'er may help our fellow-beings still,
 Their destiny most prosperous to fulfill,
 To give the the needy, and the sick to cherish,
 To rescue from the grave such as would perish ;
 To bear the burden and to light the load,
 All these to do, is pleasing unto God ;
 Whose hand creative wisely made us all,
 And placed awhile on this terrestrial ball,
 That by probation and the mutual aid
 Each to the other, might not be delayed,
 Much less impeded, our brief earthly race,
 Which done, we might behold his glorious face.

Man is a social being ; when from clay
 The great Creator made him, then the ray
 Divine he gave in breathing breath of life,
 And thought it good that he should have a wife,
 And father of a family become ;
 The sanctioned marriage and the social home,
 That men by useful acts might help each other,
 And each should love his fellow as a brother,
 That man and woman each should helper be,
 The one improved by the other's company,
 For woman he did make of finer clay,
 She porcelain, man earthenware to-day.

This law of mutual aid none in his blindness,
 Can dare presume deny is *Law of Kindness* ;
 Which is as binding quite as those which be
 'Gainst theft, or murder, or adultery ;

Act as one will, 'tis God's supreme decree
 To creature rational, whose will is free,
 That with heart, soul, and mind, he should approve
 His love to God supreme, and mutual love
 Is by this strict enjoined, 'gainst interest, pelf,
 "Thou too, shalt love thy *neighbor as thyself*."
 This is the great design, this is the end ;
 On these commands, these two does God suspend
 The Law and Prophets all and make depend.

Who then shall dare his Maker to defy ?
 Or who refuse, neglect, in fine deny
 That this belongs to him, and shut his eyes,
 And fold his hands and deem he is the wise,
 Who knows just what to do, or at his ease
 Will the command obey, or if he please
 With a bold front will choose it to transgress,
 Regardless of God's boundless righteousness,
 Whose judgment will all human deeds await,
 And justly punish in a future state.

The Law of Kindness then is law of God ;
 Then be it next more fully understood,
 By a threefold division I will show,
 The case more clear to all who wish to know.
First, 'tis a duty we should it perform,
 And its neglect holds elements of harm ;
Next, 'tis a privilege to man 'tis given,
 Its exercise co-operates with Heaven ;
Third, 'Tis delightful by reward it gives,
 In pleasure, joy, and gladness ; he that lives
 For other's good as far as in his power,
 Is happier far and that so every hour,
 Is stronger, healthier, more exempt from care,
 Has wider influence, here, there, everywhere,
 No class or creed or changing policy
 Will interfere ; he'll cordially agree

In mutual good wishes unto all,
 And effort to do good to great and small,
 The highest, lowest, meanest of the crowd
 A friend and brother is, and even the proud,
 The vain, the impudent, 'twill be his care
 With all their faults most kindly still to bear,
 And though the spite of some would stone him dead,
 He would for malice love exchange instead.

Well-balanced minds will know in every station,
 Just where to draw the line of demarcation,
 Will insolence and disrespect repel,
 And know to act as all events compel.
 Where prudence points undeviating course,
 Where wisdom traces causes to their source,
 Will know what courtesy refined demands,
 And what best an obtrusiveness withstands.
 But this can yet in kindness pure be done,
 Nor will indifference, cold neglect, atone
 For breach of law on any being's part,
 Whether such be with, or without, a heart;
 For generous souls will meet with more respect
 Than those who give a cut e'en indirect,
 From which the wounded spirit will recoil,
 And deep resentment make the blood to boil.

If one appears upon me to intrude,
 If such is bruff in manners, even rude,
 If aught implies that he respect me not,
 Say, shall my kindly nature be forgot?
 Shall I with rudeness, rudeness such repel?
 No! though my heaving breast with fury swell,
 I'll try my best, keep pride down if I can,
 And prove myself a polite gentleman.
 When if, as not unlikely or may be,
 The fault is mine, I'll make apology,

As humbly as is meet, full and sincere,
 And shun all strife till it shall disappear,
 Wiser and better growing every year.

Now kindness is a quality so good,
 It oft is imitated by the rude ;
 Some with hypocrisy will it pretend
 In base deceit, to show himself a friend,
 But the real article is rather scarce,
 And for that reason suited to my verse,
 Which aims at what is rare and also good,
 Simple and plain, and easy understood.

Kindness is of the heart ; and if not so,
 That 'tis not genuine then one may know.
 It oft consists in mild but firm reproof
 Telling friend's faults ; keep not aloof,
 But mildly say what in your heart you feel,
 And faults correct ; friends love you better still,
 The common saying is not true you'll find,
 Which says, " Love to our faults is blind."
 No ! love has for our imperfection eagle eye,
 And to improve us will each method try.

And nothing proves affection near so strong
 As that which sets us right if going wrong ;
 That time, and place, and circumstance demand,
 And guards our fame and weal with gentle hand ;
 With voice persuasive and with accent mild,
 That tells how many carelessness beguiled,
 Puts us upon our guard, and each bad weed
 Plucks by the roots, lest it should bear ill seed.
 Such confidence and love at once inspire ;
 This their reward ; and can it yet be higher ?

Kindness in act we easily display
 When trying to do others good each day ;

By aught that tends to their prosperity,
 Whate'er their aim, if for their good it be.
 So, kindness will in words all gently spoken
 Heal grievous wounds; bind up hearts broken,
 With salve, and gentle sympathetic balm,
 Producing for a tempest gentle calm.
 When for rude winds the gentle zephyrs play,
 And waft the bark upon her pleasant way,
 Thus kindness, too, in latent state we find
 Inhabitant of cultured gentle mind;
 Its sweet existence sparkles in the eye;
 Its tenderness is breathed in gentle sigh;
 It beams in some soft motion, without art,
 And winds its way directly to the heart;
 It sets the wheels of thought in lively motion;
 Absorbs ideas with its own devotion.
 Without a word, it to the heart tells more
 Than philosophic sages with their lore,
 And impulse by its gentle breath is given
 That stays our footsteps in the path of heaven.

None need repent the kindness they have shown;
 Some never know the good they thus have done.
 The generous heart is never misconstrued;
 Its friendly impulses still tend to good.
 What is well-meant, will ever in the end
 Secure, and that forever valued friend,
 Such as to find, would be a prize so rare
 As one would not obtain or everywhere
 By strictest search, in a large circle find,
 Such as acknowledged obligations bind.

Then let us kindness unto all display,
 The poor and humble as the rich and gay;
 With no distinction, generous be the aim;
 All have alike upon our hearts a claim.
 Short is the course, but not too brief to be
 The scene that marks a tender sympathy.

While we, a want of kindness show to none,
Let it be marked to those who are alone,
Deserted, so to say, in life's career,
But still our brothers, sisters, ever dear.
And let our aim be still to propagate
The deeds, words, wishes that relieve their fate ;
Weeping with those who, in distress bent down,
Think themselves wretched under fortune's frown,
With those rejoicing who for such have reason,
And know that kindness blooms in every season,
Will flourish in the cold of polar frost,
The tropic's heat ; its influence never lost,
Our own best interests it still will guard,
And, like all virtue, be its own reward.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

'Tis well that thoughts are free,
 So seems at least to me
 The case ;
 But there may be abuse
 Of thought as well as use
 Take place ;

When men of reason say,
 In light as clear as day,
 Wonders
 Or miracles can be
 Accounted for, and see
 Blunders

In what has been revealed
 Though a long time concealed,
 The cause ;
 And show their science can
 Unfold the ways of man,
 The laws

Of nature and of reason,
 The thing seems out of season,
 Indeed,
 They prove how wisdom vain,
 Would try that o'er again,
 At need,

Which sages tried of yore,
 But all failed to explore,
 The deep,
 Which revelation shows,
 And what God only knows
 To keep.

VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ.

THIS is a force in nature not well known,
 And means that nature's power alone
 Has virtue, such as may produce effect,
 Its exercise immediate and direct.
 They know it *is*, but can not tell just *how*,
 Though many tried to do so long ere now.
 There are, indeed, full many things that be
 Involved in the deepest mystery.
 Who can tell but how flower and fruit,
 Develop from the earth and root?
 What can one tell about the sap,
 That circulates and still keeps up
 The growth and the vitality,
 Which exist in plant and tree?
 These things are seen, but are they known?
 How is the demonstration shown?
 What learned professor be so bold
 As undertake clear to unfold,
 What *life* is, and the vital force?
 He may lecture till quite hoarse,
 But will he at the last succeed?
 And give the knowledge that we need?
 Some things are known, and can be done,
 But how explain in the long run
 The reason *why*, the *cause*, the *how*,
 The laws that govern then or now,
 Is not a thing of so great ease,
 And failing need one not displease,
 For still there will be much to learn,
 And life too brief, to clear discern,
 However science may essay,
 The blind but leads the blind the way.

PYGMALION.

THIS is a statuary's name,
 A Greek of wide-extended fame,
 Who wrought great wonders by his art,
 Whose rules he long had known by heart
 He took it once into his head,
 In which the thought was instant bred,
 To make a female statue fair,
 Of wondrous beauty, graces rare,
 And did at last succeed so well
 That none could all his rapture tell.
 Would you believe, my dear, that he,
 Fell deep in love with't presently?
 His ardent breast was all aglow,
 And what to do he did not know.
 Would you or I have better known?
 No; love controls all things alone.
 But few of us would long debate,
 Regarding things inanimate,
 And she, indifferent to our pain,
 As statue we would woo in vain,
 As some of us, perhaps, have proved,
 Cursing the day we ever loved.
 Not so Pygmalion; 'twas his care,
 Good man, at once to go to prayer.
 It was to *Venus* to endow
 His work with life; she heard his vow,
 And straight before his raptured eyes,
 He quick beholds, in glad surprise,
 The colors life-like in her cheek,
 The vital force quite plain bespeak;
 And lovely in her radiant charms,
 He her embraced in loving arms.

THE DEMON OF SOCRATES.

THIS good wise man was used to say,
 A demon pointed out the way,
 Which he should take in certain cases,
 And helped him in all times and places ;
 But many now are not so wise,
 Materialists, they have no eyes,
 And blind as moles still fail to see
 The wonders and reality
 Of that vast, glorious hemisphere,
 The spirit-world, in which, e'en here,
 We may at least some share partake,
 Whether asleep or wide awake.
 For unseen beings round us hover,
 And watch our weal, and will discover
 If right or wrong we chance to go,
 To evil swift, to good how slow !
 God, angels, spirits all unseen,
 'Twixt us and evil intervene,
 And if the soul has found desire
 In joys celestial to aspire,
 A way will presently be found
 More pleasant than the earthly ground
 On which we tread ; beyond control,
 On swift, strong pinions light the soul,
 Made pure, will gladly converse still
 With beings from the holy hill,
 The mount of God, in glorious flame,
 That burns for new Jerusalem,
 That longs to lay the body down,
 That pants to grasp celestial crown,
 Desiring wings on high to soar,
 And join the friends who went before,
 All happy now, their sorrows o'er.

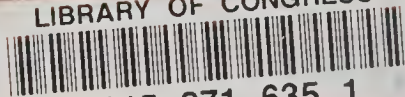
“WILL IT PAY?”

THERE is not chance, blind destiny, or fate;
 An all-wise Providence that can not hate,
 But loves his own with everlasting love,
 And swiftly to their aid doth ever move,
 Conducts, controls, what for their good is still,
 When they perform, humbly, meek, his will.
 He knows, and overrules all for the best.
 And therefore should his people be at rest;
 For whatsoe'er may happen in the way
 Of virtuous life, is right, and it will pay,
 Remunerate, and, in the end, dispense
 The good that will be ample recompense;
 This holy writ and e'en rightreason shows,
 And they who mind will sure escape all woes;
 For even here, still guarding in distress,
 God makes provision for our happiness,
 And that felicity can only be
 In Him alone who fills immensity.
 Cease, then, my soul, at that sad to repine;
 Because the sun or moon can not be mine,
 Or that I can not possibly attain
 The state I pant for with ideas vain;
 Be still, inconstant, unbelieving heart,
 For God can heal each wound and every smart;
 For every ill hath cure, and every balm
 That can diffuse o'er all the soul a calm,
 A gentle influence of sweet repose,
 An anodyne above what science knows.
 All earthly happiness must fade away,
 Seek the celestial, only that will pay;
 For that alone it is which never dies,
 In bliss perpetual beyond the skies.

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